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Daily Mirror

CHRISTMAS
GIFTS for
COLONIAL
FRIENDS.

(See page 6.)

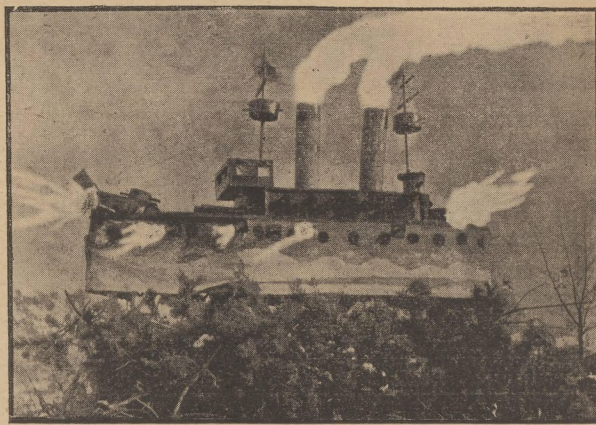
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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

HOW HARROW SCHOOL BOYS WOULD DEAL WITH THE BALTIC FLEET.



In the first photograph is seen a representation of a Russian Baltic Fleet warship, built for the Gunpowder Plot anniversary celebrations by the boys of one of the Harrow schools. The second picture represents the vessel firing on the British fishing fleet in the North Sea. The boys did not hold a court of inquiry. By the application of a match to the wood-stack underneath they fired the vessel, and the incident is closed as far as they are concerned.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CRICKETER.



J. T. Brown, the ex-Yorkshire cricketer, who died suddenly in London on Saturday morning. — (See page 5.)

A DINNER OF DEADLY POISONS



On the right is seen Captain Vetrico, a poison-proof man, who has just arrived in London. He is enjoying a dinner composed of strychnine, phosphorus, and blue indigo, at the Queen's Hotel, Leicester-square.

RUSSIA ACCEPTS.

Agreement on Terms of Baltic Convention.

FIXING RESPONSIBILITY.

Five Commissioners to Sit in Paris.

Russia has accepted the draft of the Convention as proposed by His Majesty's Government, and the Commission will very shortly begin its inquiry in Paris.

It will be noticed from the terms of the Convention that the chief purpose of the inquiry is to establish responsibility for the outrage.

The punishment of the offenders, it may be presumed, is to be left to some Russian tribunal.

The following are the terms of the Convention:—

1. The Commission is to consist of five members, namely, officers of Great Britain, Russia, the United States, and France. The fifth Commissioner is to be selected by agreement between them. If they cannot agree the choice is to be entrusted to the King of a country subsequently to be determined upon.
2. The Commission is to report on all the circumstances relating to the disaster, and to establish responsibility.
3. The Commission is to have power to settle all questions of procedure.
4. The parties bind themselves to supply the Commission with all necessary information, facilities, etc.
5. The Commission is to meet at Paris as soon as possible after the signature of the Convention.
6. The report of the Commission is to be officially communicated to the respective Governments. Provisions are to be added regarding assessors and agents, expense, decision by majority, etc.

Reuter adds that the Commission will assemble in about a fortnight.

HULL INQUIRY.

Active Preparations by Board of Trade Representatives.

Next Monday, November 14, has been fixed for opening the Board of Trade inquiry at Hull.

On Saturday Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., the Commissioners, visited Hull, where the damaged trawlers are now in dock.

They were accompanied by the Hon. Noel Farrer, secretary to the Commission; Mr. C. Mohr, secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. Pickford, K.C., and Mr. Lipscombe.

A close inspection of the damaged vessels was made.

A representative of the department has been sent to the Dogger Bank to take statements from the fishermen there.

FOUR "MEN IN BUCKRAM."

More Light on the Mystery of the Phantom Torpedo-Boats.

The "Novoe Vremya" has published a long letter, which purports to outline the defence Russia will make before the Commission.

In this document it is stated that four torpedo-boats of unknown nationality were discerned by the Russian sailors while coaling in an unnamed Norwegian fjord.

The next point of the story is that the Kamshatka, having been left behind for repairs, was overhauling the squadron when she sent a wireless telegraph message asking the whereabouts of the flagship and squadron. This was taken by the Russian officers of the flagship for a ruse on the part of the enemy to obtain information.

The green flare burnt by the fishermen to indicate their industry was supposed by the officers to be a trick of the Japanese to lure the Russian vessels to destruction.

BALTIC FLEET SAILS WESTWARD.

The Russian fleet left Tangier on Saturday afternoon, steaming westward to the Atlantic Ocean.

The fleet consisted of five battleships, five cruisers, and two transports. The torpedo-boats continue to make their way eastward towards the Suez Canal.

IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The memory of the fishermen killed in the attack made upon the trawling fleet by Russian warships is to be perpetuated.

For this purpose Messrs. Henry Seymour King and Co. have given £250 to the Union Jack Club. This sum will provide two bedrooms dedicated to members of the Royal Navy in memory of the deceased men.

Westerly breezes; changeable and mild; occasional rain; bright intervals.

To-Day's

TSAR AND "SCAPEGOATS."

His Majesty Interviews the Famous Four.

Captain Clado and his three companions arrived in St. Petersburg last Saturday, and on the same day the captain was granted an audience by the Tsar.

Yesterday the Tsar received the four officers in company, and immediately after the interview they left the Russian capital for Paris.

Captain Clado has given the St. Petersburg representative of the "Petit Parisien" an account of a brush with two Japanese torpedo-boats, which took place, not on the Dogger Bank but further north, near the Danish coast.

"The two torpedo-boats," says Captain Clado, "were approaching stealthily with all lights out, when they were signalled a little way off by the battleship Kniaz Suvaroff. Admiral Rojestvensky was at once informed, and went up on to the bridge.

"I followed him, and I saw the torpedo-boats fleeing from the fire of our port guns. We shall produce before the Commission of Inquiry irrefutable evidence to clearly prove our well-founded right to act as we did.

"The cannonade lasted seven or eight minutes at the very most. No Russian vessel stopped on the spot, and the squadron continued its voyage without delay. I believe that Admiral Foutrier will represent France on the Commission of Inquiry."

MR. ROOSEVELT TO WIN.

Result of the Presidential Election Regarded as a Certainty.

The United States is taking very little interest in the Presidential election (says our New York correspondent). Mr. Roosevelt is looked upon as such a certain winner that no one thinks it worth while getting up any violent agitation.

So strong is this belief in his victory that 5 to 1 is being offered on him, and there are very few takers.

The people who are getting the most excitement out of the election are the election officials. Just now their chief duty is to keep a lookout for "political colonisers"—the men who bring in tramps and engage six rooms for each man in various parts of the city, so that he can register and get a vote in each ward.

On Saturday night there were the usual street processions, and to-morrow night, election night, the streets will be filled with political enthusiasts, who, armed with megaphones and red flares, will prevent New York getting any sleep.

"EMPEROR'S" LARGESSE.

Crowd Hisses M. Jacques Lebaudy for Unfulfilled Promises.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Some extraordinary further adventures at Bari of M. Jacques Lebaudy, the "Emperor of the Sahara," who was recently arrested by mistake, are recorded by the "Information."

He has been riding in a carriage with a medical attendant seated on the box-seat carrying the flag of the Sahara. At his hotel he has distributed money to the crowd from his window. One day he threw away £20 in small change. He waved a note to the crowd, but would not give it to them because it cost something to change it.

The crowd thus deceived hissed the "Emperor." The "Emperor" on leaving the hotel objected violently to paying a bill of just over £2. He tried to charter a special train, but was refused.

LOVERS DIE TOGETHER AT TOTTENHAM.

Attracted by groans issuing from the entrance to a yard in Lordship-lane, Tottenham, early on Sunday morning, a police constable discovered about fifteen yards from the entrance the bodies of a man, about thirty-eight years of age, and a young girl, about eighteen.

The man, who was still alive, but in great agony, was taken to the Tottenham Hospital, where he died three hours later. Before dying the man gave an address in Finsbury, and stated that the young woman lived at Hoxton. They had agreed to end their lives together, and had taken a strong dose of oxalic acid.

PREMIER RAPIDLY RECOVERING.

Mr. Balfour's progress toward recovery is so satisfactory that no more bulletins will be issued.

Among his visitors at 10, Downing-street, on Saturday were Lord Lansdowne, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Ten thousand employees of the L. and N.W. Railway at Crewe are now working only four and three-quarter days a week.

Weather (Lighting-up time, 5.30 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth on all coasts.

KILLED BY IMAGINATION.

Intense Fear Has the Effect of Frost.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The power of the mind to create imaginary tortures is strangely exemplified in the awful fate of Michael Staritsky, van cleaner on the Great Siberian Railway.

While cleaning an empty refrigerator wagon at Krasnoyarsk Station, Staritsky fell asleep, and awoke to find himself locked in and the train in motion.

An awful terror seized him. Ignorant of the manner in which the refrigerating apparatus was worked, he imagined he was in danger of being frozen to death, alone and in the darkness.

The torments he suffered are only deduced from the disjointed phrases scrawled on the floor with white chalk by the panic-stricken man.

"It is becoming colder as I dreaded," ran the first message. "Will no one release me?" A little further along the floor appeared the words, "I am slowly freezing to death. My feet are like ice."

An interval seems to have followed, for the last message was at the extreme end of the van, where the terrified man had evidently crawled for the purpose of breaking his way out. "People say that a stupor comes on men who are frozen to death. I am already half asleep—these may be my last words."

When the train, having travelled only twenty miles west of Krasnoyarsk, stopped in a siding, the van was opened, and Staritsky found stone dead.

"The amazement of the railway officials," says the "Viestnik," may be imagined, for the van was at a temperature of 39 R. (56 deg. Fahrenheit), and the refrigerating apparatus was out of order. The man died from imagination, not from cold.

GENERAL ANDRE'S NOSE.

Assault in the French Chamber to Result in a Duel.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The scene in the French Chamber which resulted in M. Syveton being removed by the military guard for striking M. André, the Minister for War, on the nose is the talk of all Paris.

In most quarters M. Syveton is condemned, but certain papers of his party do not join in the general blame.

There is a rumour that Lieutenant André, the son of the Minister, has left his quarters at Vincennes, accompanied by two friends, with the express determination of provoking M. Syveton into a duel.

M. Syveton has placarded the walls of his division with a sort of manifesto.

In it he says that he struck the Minister of War because he was escaping from the just consequences of his acts in destroying the careers of officers.

"Thinking of a deceived army, of a betrayed country," he adds, "I have, in full possession of myself, inflicted on the dishonoured General, the criminal Minister, the brand which all the efforts of the Opposition have not been able to wring from a cowed Assembly."

It is semi-officially announced that General André, though not in state giving rise to anxiety, will have to keep his bed for several days.

WARSHIP BOAT DISASTER.

Lieutenant and Five Men Drowned Off New Zealand.

AUCKLAND, Sunday.—A whaleboat belonging to H.M.S. Penguin, which is surveying off Kauri Island, capsized on Thursday.

Lieutenant Edson and Joseph Power, Joseph Brooks, James Richardson, Albert Grant, and Ernest Pusey were drowned.—Reuter.

FATAL LEAP FROM A MOTOR-CAR.

While a passenger motor-car was travelling from Modbury to Plymouth yesterday a young man named James Raffill jumped off before the car stopped and fell on his head. His injuries were so severe that he died while being removed to the hospital.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

STILL HOLDING OUT.

Last Night's News from Port Arthur.

MORE FORTS CAPTURED.

Harbour Bombarded and Five Steamers Sunk.

Though Port Arthur did not fall in the great assault culminating on November 3, General Nogi has been able to send good news to Tokio.

Important positions have been taken after almost incredible assaults, and guns now in position dominate the Western Harbour, in which five steamers have been sunk.

There is still much hard work to be done, but the men who could take and re-take a Port Arthur fort in half-an-hour, as General Ichinohe's men did, are not to be denied, and the end is coming swiftly.

An interesting message describes Vladivostok as "a second Port Arthur," and another shows the dangers to neutral shipping in the Japan Sea.

TAKEN AND RETAKEN.

Splendid Feats of Arms by Japanese Storming Parties.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, Saturday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

Commander of Port Arthur army reports: The right column and a part of the central column occupied at sunset of October 30 crest counterscarp of Sungshushan, Ehlungshan, Tunkikwanshan North Forts, and destroyed some of their flankers and outer trenches.

Another part of the central column, despite the enemy's fierce fire, assailed and carried Fort P, situated between Panlungshan and Tunkikwanshan North Forts.

Russians delivered repeated counter-assaults against this fort, and we lost it at 10.30 p.m., but General Ichinohe successfully recaptured it at 11 p.m.

The left column captured on the same day the Yamato Fort, situated in the north-east of Tunkikwanshan.

On October 31 we attacked the harbour and the shipyard with large calibre and naval guns, hitting Niliyak several times and sinking two steamers.

On November 1 two steamers in western harbour of about 3,500 tons each, and on November 2 another steamer of about 3,000 tons, sunk.

We commenced at noon, November 3, heavy bombardment with naval guns against shipyard and other places in the east of the harbour, where fire broke out at 12.15 p.m., raging till 4 a.m. On the same day our bombardment with large calibre guns inflicted considerable damage on Fort 4.

MINES OFF SHANGHAI.

P. and O. Liner's Exciting Trip—Stopped by Japanese Cruisers.

MARSEILLES, Sunday.—The captain of the P. and O. steamer Formosa, from Yokohama and Shanghai, which arrived here this morning, states that his ship almost struck a mine off Shanghai.

The Sea of Japan, he adds, is full of mines, which constitute a danger to navigation.

The Formosa was chased by three Japanese cruisers, and had to stop and submit to a visit by Japanese officers, who tendered no apologies. The captain lodged a complaint with the British Consul at Port Said.—Reuter.

VLADIVOSTOK A SECOND PORT ARTHUR.

CHIFU, Sunday.—Vladivostok, as the result of months of preparation, is now strongly protected, according to Captain Halvorsen, of the ss. Tungus, which left Vladivostok on November 1.

The fortifications begin many miles out of the city and grow stronger as they approach the town. Ships laden with food, ammunition, guns, and all sorts of military supplies, arrive frequently. Five ships were in port, unloading cargo, when the Tungus left.

If an attempt is made to capture it, the captain says, the Japanese will find a second Port Arthur. He believes that submarines have arrived there.

The harbour is mined for a distance of seven miles, four miles with contact and three with electric mines.—Reuter's Special.

EXPERT ALPINE CLIMBER KILLED.

VIENNA, Sunday.—Herr Rudolf Spannagl, a Viennese advocate, and president of the Austrian Touring Club, was killed while ascending the Rax Alpe, in the Semmering range, this morning.

Herr Spannagl fell a considerable distance. He fractured his skull, and was dead when he was reached.—Reuter.

POISON DRAMA.

Royal Surgeon's Tragic End in France.

PATHETIC FAREWELL NOTE.

Dr. Herbert William Allingham, a well-known London surgeon, was found dead on Saturday under mysterious and painful circumstances at Marseilles, telegraphs our correspondent in that town.

Dr. Allingham, who was Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales and surgeon to the King's Household, was staying at the principal hotel of the town, the Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix.

He had only arrived from London two days before his death, and took a room on the first floor. He was on his way to Egypt for the benefit of his health.

Just before noon on Saturday, as he had not made his appearance, a servant knocked at his door. There was no response, and the manager of the hotel was informed and the local Commissaire sent for.

On the latter's arrival the door was forced open, and Dr. Allingham, fully dressed, was found lying on his bed.

Intolerable Suffering.

A pathetic note to the effect that he had resolved to take his life owing to intolerable physical suffering was left on the bedside table with a half-empty bottle of morphine and a syringe.

An English physician named Dr. Hawthorn was summoned, but he could only pronounce life to be extinct. Death was due to injections of morphine.

The British Consul at once communicated the sad intelligence to the deceased gentleman's relatives, several of whom arrived at Marseilles last evening. Dr. Allingham, who was forty-two years of age and lived at 25, Grosvenor-street, W., was an eminent authority on the treatment of cancer, and some years ago he performed an operation for that disease on the late Duchess of Teck.

St. George's Hospital will greatly miss the surgeon. For many years he had been operating surgeon there, and his gentle and kindly disposition endeared him alike to patients and staff.

Ten months ago Dr. Allingham's wife died, and then he had been in a very depressed condition.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

Chief Attractions Are Emblematic Cars, and the City Marshal.

For many years London has had to put up with very inferior imitations of a Lord Mayor's Show, but this year it is all to be changed, and on Wednesday there is to be a show of the real kind.

Mr. Alderman Pound has declared that if the City traffic is stopped for hours for the sake of the Show the spectacle ought to be worth looking at.

Of course there will be plenty of bands—Guards' included—but this year there are to be also four really ambitious cars, emblematic of the four greatest empires in the history of the world: Great Britain shares the honour with Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

There will also be a display by the private fire brigades of the large London business firms, and, to make it all complete, the new City Marshal will be on view for the first time.

REBEL'S RETURN.

O'Donovan Rossa to Unveil a Statue in Ireland.

"Coming by the Etruria on November 12," is the calm manner in which O'Donovan Rossa, the outlawed Fenian leader, announces by cable that he is returning to Ireland in defiance of his outlawry.

He has been invited to unveil a monument in honour of the Fenians by the Skibbereen Young Ireland Society, the Pig Buyers' Association, and the Cork Cattle Dealers' Association.

Not content with unveiling the monument, he is to lecture on behalf of the fund. A sum of £150 has already been raised, and more is coming in rapidly.

Nowadays O'Donovan Rossa is little more than a name, but in the intrigues which led up to the Phoenix Park murders he played an important part.

WRECKING AN INN.

An extraordinary outrage was perpetrated at Redworth, in Warwickshire. A number of men placed a detonator in the fireplace of the taproom of the Bull's Head Inn, and hurriedly left the premises. A tremendous explosion followed. The room was almost wrecked, three windows being blown out. Fortunately the apartment was unoccupied.

A sergeant named Mattias has been sentenced by a German court-martial to nine months' imprisonment for 160 cases of cruelty to soldiers.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

Large House Party at Sandring- ham for the Celebrations.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to Sandringham on Saturday, and all the members of the Sovereign's family who have residences on the Norfolk estate are now assembled for the King's birthday celebrations.

The Prime Minister, owing to his indisposition, is unable to form one of the large house-party, but he will pay a visit later in the season.

On Saturday, at the invitation of Sir Edward Green, the King, accompanied by Prince George of Greece, visited Ken Hill Farm, Snettisham, for a day's shooting.

The King was received by his host, and shooting at once commenced in Crane Hill Wood, which overlooks the Wash. The King's head keeper organised the drives, and the birds were plentiful and strong on the wing.

£100,000 FOR TOBACCONISTS.

Big Offer by Messrs. Ogdens' Liquidator to Stop Further Litigation.

As a sequel to the tobacco war of 1902 an offer of no less than £100,000 was on Saturday posted by Ogdens' liquidator to the tobacconists claiming under the Ogdens bonus agreement. It will be remembered that the Nelson and Telford cases are awaiting appeal before the House of Lords, and that the liability of Ogdens, Ltd., has not been finally established. In fact, the Lord Chief Justice, in giving judgment in favour of Nelson and Telford in the first court, declared that he did so with the greatest hesitation as to whether he was right.

Now the Imperial Tobacco Company, themselves unconcerned in the litigation, have been using their good offices to effect an arrangement, and claimants are offered a sum down as an alternative to further litigation.

The sum offered is double the amount of the share at the last distribution, and the offer is open until next Wednesday.

WEARY TITAN'S BURDEN.

Taxes Increased by 32s. 8d. on Every Family per Annum.

"The present Government is taking about one week's wages in taxation from a working man more than was taken five years ago," said Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at Edinburgh on Saturday.

Increased indirect taxes had been imposed to the amount of fifteen millions, and an industrious friend of his had made a calculation that this represents a tax of 32s. 8d. per family.

Sir Henry went on to say that he had been fired by an insane ambition for military strength, and that ambition had been gratified at a headlong rate. In fourteen years the Navy Estimates had nearly trebled, but there had been no diminution of Army expenditure.

In 1900 the Army Estimates were £17,737,000, and in this year £28,900,000. That was the result of a Government which had declared its intention to reform the Army, and which had played tricks with it for the past four years.

SIR MICHAEL'S CURATE

Severely Rebuked by the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has written a stern letter to the Ritualist curate who refused to show him a service book.

He attended, he says, as chairman of the Royal Commission, because a complaint had been made of the nature of the services, and adds:—

I can therefore only regard your observations in the serious light of an affront to the Commission, and a deliberate attack on the impartiality of the inquiry. Unless I receive a prompt apology for them, I shall feel it my duty to forward your letter, together with this, to the Bishop of Salisbury, as your diocesan.

Sir Michael also expresses surprise that a clergyman should describe the attendance at church of people who disapprove of his doctrines or ritual as "profane," "a display of callous idolatry," and "putting our Lord to shame."

The curate in reply regrets that Sir Michael should have misread his letter, and says that, had he used such language to condemn Sir Michael's actions, he should be glad to apologise.

Primroses were seen at Walkden yesterday.

A mammoth weaving mill, to hold 2,000 looms, is to be erected at Prestol, near Farnworth.

It is expected that the Germano-American Arbitration Treaty will be ready for presentation to the United States Senate at the opening of Congress in December.

RUSSIANS AS "GUYS."

Admiral Rojestvensky Burned in Effigy.

"Guy Fawkes' Day," 1904, will be long remembered for the unanimity with which effigies of Admiral Rojestvensky, of the criminal Baltic Fleet, were hissed, execrated, and finally burnt in the streets.

Never was there such an opportunity, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's the country took full advantage of it.

The best show of all was at Harrow. The famous school rose to the occasion and gave a splendidly comprehensive performance. They erected a bonfire about twenty feet high. On the top they placed a model of a Russian man-o-war fifteen feet long by five feet wide, with no fewer than sixteen miniature big guns.

While the bonfire was being set alight each of these guns blazed furiously at the North Sea fleet, and finally the ship disappeared in a roaring mass of flames, 30 or 40 feet high. Howls of execration greeted its final collapse.

Admiral's Rough Treatment.

A Russian battleship was burnt at Lewes, and Admiral Rojestvensky was paraded through the streets of Chelsea and finally burnt amid loud cheering. At Hoxton the effigy of the Admiral was burnt in a running fire of jeers, hisses, and eggs. In Piccadilly-street the procession ran across a rival "Guy," and a terrific bombardment followed. Finally the Admiral's head was knocked off and used as the ball in a rough and tumble game of Rugby, to the huge amusement of the crowd.

A plucky boy of fifteen, named Frederick Hope, living in Primrose-street, was badly injured in the arm by an explosion of gunpowder he was damping. He quietly walked off to the hospital without a word to his parents, who were informed by two other boys who met Hope on the way. It is feared the limb will have to be amputated.

The celebrations are illustrated on pages 1 and 9.

MAYFAIR PLAYWRIGHTS.

Lady Betty Balfour and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton Collaborate.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, having dealt seriously with one subject of the day in her play "Warp and Woof," has now turned to a theme which lends itself to ridicule.

This is the craze for physical culture. She and Lady Betty Balfour (of whom some gossip will be found on page 7) have together written a comedy satirising the anxiety of everybody in these days to be strong. Good judges pronounce it to be very funny. It will probably be produced early in the New Year.

There was not a great deal of humour in Mrs. Lyttelton's play about "sweated" dressmakers' assistants, but Lady Betty Balfour is full of fun, and Mrs. Lyttelton, too, generally sees things in their humorous light, unless she feels deeply about them, as she did about the "overtime" question in fashionable dressmakers' shops.

Another play that is to be seen in London before long is "An Angel Unaware," by a son of the late Sir William Harcourt, a young man in the Foreign Office. Mrs. Evelyn Brough has bought it; she will play the part of an American who unintentionally fetches up a lovers' quarrel.

OVERCROWDED TRAINS.

Small Boys Have to Travel on the Luggage Racks.

Remarkable evidence of overcrowding on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway was given on Saturday at a Board of Trade inquiry.

The figures for one train (7.35 a.m.) of Whitechapel and Bow line showed that, with accommodation for 942 passengers, about 1,680 were carried. Mr. Wills, of Plaistow, said for weeks and weeks he hadn't been able to secure a seat. The carriages were sometimes so crowded that small boys were placed on the racks. (Loud laughter.)

Richard Benjamin Smith, of East Ham, said young girls were often in the crush, and last summer he saw three, who had fainted, carried out of the train.

Another witness said trains were so crowded that the door often was not shut. The one nearest to the door had to hang on to it to hold it to. If the train were to swerve he was sure two or three would roll out.

The inquiry was adjourned.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN MAYOR.

Like Kingston, Blackpool has an ex-policeman as mayor-elect. Unlike Kingston, the northern borough seems perfectly satisfied with his choice.

Alderman Brodie had no other education than at the village school, and before joining the police worked on a farm and also at a coal mine.

Once, in the course of his duties as a policeman, Brodie found a man busy housebreaking. He was on the tiles. The officer promptly got a ladder and went on the tiles after him, and succeeded in arresting him there.

STABBED SIX TIMES.

Mysterious Affair in a Bakehouse.

ASSAILANT SHOTS HIMSELF

A sensational tragedy occurred last night at Bethnal Green in an underground bakehouse.

The affair arose from a quarrel between two young German bakers employed at the shop of Mary Backes, at the corner of Ravenscroft-street, Columbia-road.

As a result one of them is now dead, shot through the head, and the other is lying at the London Hospital in a precarious condition suffering from six stabs inflicted with a large knife.

It appears that a woman was passing by the shop about eight o'clock when she heard cries of "Murder!" and a few seconds later a shot was fired.

A policeman was sent for, and was told on his arrival that groans had been heard from the underground bakehouse.

Reeled at the Sight.

"They are only singing," remarked the constable, but on the woman's face that she was positive a crime had been committed he broke open the back door and entered the shop.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs leading to the bakehouse he reeled at the sight that met his eyes.

One man was lying dead on the floor clasp a revolver in his right hand, and with a bullet wound in his temple. In a corner he saw another man, half unconscious suffering from six stab wounds in different parts of the body.

Then the man who was alive told the policeman that his fellow workman entered the bakehouse and at once attacked him with a large knife.

He did not know what the quarrel was about. It is said that the dead man was kicked up on Saturday, and was allowed out on bail later in the day.

A coffee-house keeper in Columbia-road said last night that the two men, whom he knew well as customers, never appeared to get on very well together.

Generally speaking, however, the man who is now dead, he said, was of quiet disposition, and he had always had the greatest regard for him.

COUNCILLOR AND BABY.

Child Purchased for Half-a-Crown During a "Lancashire Drive."

A councillor at Ashton-under-Lyne has added a new member to his household under amusing circumstances.

Depressed by a Liberal victory, he and a brother councillor indulged in a Lancashire drive—a form of recreation which involves frequent calls at houses of entertainment.

During one of these visits a poor woman, with a baby in her arms, came and begged for charity. In a jocular spirit one of the councillors offered 2s. for the baby, and the bargain was concluded for half-a-crown. Ostensibly for the purpose of drinking the councillor's health, the woman retired into another room, but, when sought for, could not be found. Her identity being unknown, and no one being anxious to undertake the responsibility of the baby, the councillor took his purchase home in a cab.

His wife has taken kindly to the little stranger.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE CRACKED.

A crack has appeared in one of the supports of Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. The famous monument, however, is not in serious danger.

An engineer of the L.C.C. on Saturday examined the structure, and found no cause for immediate alarm.

JOHN ROBERTS DEFEATED.

Several interesting billiard matches were concluded on Saturday, the chief feature of the contest perhaps being the defeat of John Roberts.

Conceding T. Aiken 3,000 points in 9,000 up, he was beaten at Edinburgh by 2,657 points. It was the veteran champion's first match since his return from the Colonies.

ANTARCTIC "SAVAGES."

Captain Scott, of the Discovery, and his brother officers were welcomed at a festive gathering of the Savages in their clubhouse on Saturday night.

Remarkable how life in the Antarctic qualified a man as a "Savage," he said he must confess that he took no bath for ninety-two days.

Mr. S. Smith, M.P., speaking at Rhyl on Saturday, said there was a class of men and women in London whom it would be a mercy to exterminate, as they corrupted everyone they touched.

UNHAPPY COUPLES.

Anonymous Letter Disturbs
a Husband's Confidence.

SHADOWED IN PARIS.

In the comparatively short time devoted to business in the High Courts on the last day of the week, Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes on Saturday disposed of the petition for divorce of Mr. George Williamson, a well-known professional steeplechase jockey, and made considerable progress with the hearing of a Birmingham fishmonger's petition.

It was an anonymous letter which first caused Mr. Williamson to become suspicious about the conduct of his wife. "Why don't you have your wife watched?" was the writer's disconcerting intimation, and in consequence a private inquiry agent was instructed to keep observation upon Mrs. Williamson's movements.

In Paris during September of last year the private detective saw Mrs. Williamson and a "foreign-looking gentleman" entering an hotel together.

Wife's Retort.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Williamson's solicitor received the following letter from the former's wife: "I suppose it is by the order of that miserable husband of mine that I am continually followed about Paris. I propose to have a stop put to it at once, and have accordingly put the affair in the hands of my solicitor."

In the witness-box, Mr. Williamson, a sprucely-dressed, clean-shaven man, stated that he had been unable to ascertain the name of the man with whom his wife had been seen in Paris. He said that his marriage took place at the Hendon Registry Office, on December 4, 1896.

He was fond of steeplechasing and for that purpose went to Austria, where he rode for "Princes of the Royal House." Whilst away he heard from his wife that she was leaving him, and subsequently he heard she was in America.

Mr. Justice Barnes granted a decree nisi, the case being undefended.

Nineteen Years of Misery.

In the succeeding case two co-respondents were cited. Mr. George Smith, the petitioner, told a painful story of the misery of his nineteen years of married life.

Mrs. Smith denied the allegations which her husband set forth in support of his petition, and, on her part, alleged that he had been very cruel to her. She said that, among other unkind acts, he had lost a glass eye of hers worth 30s., had broken her false tooth, and had thrown a sauceman of hot milk over her.

In denying all these charges of cruelty, Mr. Smith stated his wife was "continually drunk" and "never kept a servant more than a fortnight." There were seven children of the marriage, and they had been four times separated by deed, but each time they agreed to live together again.

While separated from her husband Mrs. Smith went as a domestic servant, and permission was given her to go out every night to see an uncle, who, it was alleged, proved to be Horace Parsons, a fried fish merchant, who is now one of the co-respondents.

The further hearing was adjourned.

GIRL TRAPPED BY FIRE.

Nursemaid's Terrible Fate in an Improvised Bedroom.

Some curious evidence was given at the inquiry on Saturday into the death of Lena Diss, a nursemaid, who lost her life in the fire at a milliner's shop in Westminster Bridge-road on Tuesday last.

Mr. S. Gamble, second officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, said that structurally the premises were very defective.

Three old houses had been joined into one. The girl's room was of timber covered with zinc, without fireplace or chimney, and furnished with a chair bedstead.

Albert Brooks, the occupier of the shop, admitted that he built the room in which the girl died for a bathroom, but it was used for a bedroom.

The Coroner: We hear too much of bathrooms being turned into bedrooms.

At first Brooks said his place was lighted by electricity, and that he did not use gas. Pressed closely, he admitted that a small millinery room was lighted by gas.

The Coroner: We keep getting out these little points.

The inquiry was adjourned.

CATS' RUTHLESS ENEMY.

A man named Pass, who threw a cat into the fire in a public-house, observing that he ill-treated half a dozen cats a week for coming after his pigeons, escaped with a fine at Nottingham Police Court on Saturday.

The London County Council will consider tomorrow a New Building Bill for bringing tramway lines over Blackfriars Bridge to Waterloo Bridge.

MOTOR-CAR "HOOLIGANS."

Injured Child Callously Left To
Die on the Road.

An outrageous case of motor-car "hooliganism" which motorists themselves have been the first to condemn has aroused the inhabitants of the little riverside village of Hurley, near Marlow, to a ferment of indignation.

A little child has been killed through the reckless conduct of a party of motorists. But at the time of the accident they made no attempt to stop, and all subsequent efforts to establish their identity have failed.

The facts, according to reliable statements, are briefly as follow. Some children were playing in the village street when a large motor-car bore down upon them at a high speed. A child of seven, named Charles Overall, failed to escape from in front of the car, and was struck with such terrible force that he was hurled to the side of the road. His injuries were so serious that he soon afterwards died.

The motorists continued their mad career, though it is said that they called out to the other children that they were coming back.

They did not do so, however. Later, the police traced two motor-cars to Henley, but the occupants denied all knowledge of the affair.

Foremost amongst those who are trying to discover the identity of the scapegoats is the vicar of Hurley, the Rev. F. F. Wethered, who recently denounced motor-cars as "engines of Satan."

FACETIOUS CULPRIT.

Judge Expresses Curiosity Concerning
"Bill Bailey."

Sentence of four years' penal servitude was passed upon Arthur Desmonde, alias Holt, a baker, at Chester Quarter Sessions, on Saturday, for the theft of communion vessels, a bottle of wine, and other articles from a Wesleyan chapel at Broad Heath.

Desmonde was arrested outside the chapel. Afterwards the following note was found lying in the communion-table:—"Your port wine is remarkably good. I only wish there was more. Sorry the plate is not gold.—BILL BAILEY."

A juror asked the Judge if Bill Bailey was the prisoner's correct name.

Judge Bray (to counsel): That is not his name?

Counsel: No, my lord.

The Judge said he presumed it was some sham name.

When the prisoner heard his sentence he shouted, "It's only what I expected."

BOYS' PLUNDER.

Army Officer's Wife Receives Proceeds
of Her Son's Burglary.

For a daring burglary exploit two boys, aged respectively fifteen and thirteen, were sent to a reformatory ship by the Croydon Bench on Saturday.

The elder, Ernest Jones, is the son of an ex-captain in the Army. His companion, Percy Witherick, is also the son of respectable parents. His widowed mother said she had allowed him to associate with Jones because the latter was talented and had been educated at a Manchester college. She thought he would help her son with his lessons.

The two lads some weeks ago broke into a jeweller's shop at South Norwood and took away articles worth £30. Subsequently the stolen property was found at the house where Jones lived with his mother. The latter has been committed for trial for receiving the jewellery. It was proved that she pledged some of the articles at a pawnbroker's.

It transpired on Saturday that Captain Jones, her husband, had obtained a separation on account of his wife's drinking habits. He allowed her £1 a week, paid the rent of her house, and provided coals and gas, but when the detectives visited the house there was no furniture, and what bedding remained was in rags.

The boy Witherick was sent to a reformatory ship for five years, and Jones for three years.

FARTHING'S CHANGED TO GOLD.

For colouring farthings and sixpences to resemble half-sovereigns, Eva Whitehurst, a married woman of Hyde, was at the Chester Assizes, on Saturday, sent to prison for six weeks.

The prosecution alleged that Whitehurst had been systematically carrying on the fraud for some time. A bottle of gilding powder and a brush were found at her lodgings.

Professor Dollinger, of Budapest, has been acquitted of criminal neglect for leaving a forceps in the body of a person he operated upon.

While assisting his mother to mangle some clothes on Saturday Joseph Ross, aged twelve, of 78, Jessel House, Regency-square, Westminster, had his fingers smashed.

EXPRESS IN DANGER.

Boy's Sensational Story of Train
Wreckers.

There has been a remarkable development in connection with a supposed attempt to wreck an express train near Manchester.

The loneliness of the signalman in charge of an isolated cabin marking the junction of the Great Central and Midland lines at Charlton-cum-Hardy, three miles from Manchester, was disturbed on Friday night by a boy entering in breathless haste.

Excited tones he declared that he had just overheard two men discuss a plot to wreck the 7.45 Manchester to Sheffield express at a point half a mile distant.

The signalman, accepting the story, felt himself powerless to avert a disaster, for, as the boy finished speaking, he could hear the sound of the approaching express, for which he had signalled the line clear. The next moment it had passed the box, travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Officials searched the line, and at the place indicated they found four sections of telegraph poles, each 8ft. in length, in the four-foot way. They bore marks of having been struck by the iron guard in front of the engine.

On Saturday the last boy who brought the information, a boy of fourteen, named Aldcraft, was arrested owing to his inability to give a satisfactory explanation for his presence near the scene.

He was remanded by the magistrates, the evidence showing that his hands and clothes were covered with tar similar to that on the poles.

AFFRAY WITH GIPSIES.

Gamekeepers Put to Flight with
Volley of Stones.

A fierce fight between gamekeepers and gipsies was described at the Rochester Police-court on Saturday. John Lee, a gipsy, was charged with assaulting John Barton, a gamekeeper.

The gamekeepers attached to certain woods near Rochester were told that a tenant farmer, whose dogs had been killed by poisoned meat dropped about the land, had declared that he would get a party of gipsies to clear the woods of game.

Five gamekeepers and a boy accordingly visited a gipsy encampment. The gipsies resented the inquiries, and pelted their visitors with stones, and the gamekeepers were compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

Lee, it was alleged, attempted to strike Barton with a heavy stake, and was fired in the thigh by one of the gamekeepers' dogs.

Lee was fined £1 16s. Warrants were issued for the apprehension of several other gipsies who failed to appear in answer to summonses.

QUALMS OF CONSCIENCE.

Hardened Offender's Strangely Repentant Frame of Mind.

The case, paradoxical as it may seem, of an ex-convict with a record of many terms of imprisonment surrendering himself to the police on account of his qualms of conscience, came before Mr. Curtis Bennett at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday.

On his own confession, Francis Smith, aged sixty-four, was charged with fraud during the past three months. His arrest had been the result of a letter which he wrote asking a detective to meet him. When Detective-sergeant Seymour arrived he said: "I am pleased you have kept the appointment. I have been very troubled. I have been obtaining various sums of money by false pretences, and my conscience will not allow me to go on any longer."

The only case investigated at the police court was in connection with an advertisement for a Yorkshire terrier inserted in a newspaper by Mr. Fernandez Ferreira, of Southam, West Didsbury. This gentleman received a reply from "P. Smith," giving a minute description of a dog, and forwarded 50s., but the terrier never arrived.

Mr. Curtis Bennett, in committing him for trial, said he appeared to have spent twenty-six years in prison, his convictions including terms of seven years, three of five years, two of eighteen months, and one of twelve months.

MAGISTRATE CENSURES SLANG.

Referring to the charge against him at Southwark Police-court on Saturday of being drunk and disorderly, a prisoner made a remark to the magistrate concerning the "coppers" who arrested him.

Mr. Paul Taylor: What do you mean by talking about "coppers" before me? It is a gross impertinence to refer to the police as "coppers" in a Court of Justice.

The prisoner was fined ten shillings.

Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., sailed from Plymouth on Saturday for Australia.

Since the Early Closing Act was adopted in Edinburgh some hundred and sixty licensed clubs have come into existence.

FAMOUS BATSMAN DEAD.

J. T. Brown's Great Achievements
for Yorkshire.

HERO OF A TEST MATCH.

J. T. Brown, one of the soundest and most consistent batsmen the Yorkshire eleven has ever possessed, is dead, and the news has come with a shock to thousands of his admirers all over the country.

Last week it was announced that Sir F. Laking was hopeful of Brown's ultimate recovery, but complications set in, and he died late on Friday night.

No batsman has had more to do with Yorkshire's success of late seasons than Brown, who was always sent in first with Tunncliffe, and many huge scores have been made by this pair for the first Yorkshire wicket.

Against Sussex, in 1897, the two batsmen put on 378, and Brown eventually made 311. This partnership was a record, but subsequently Abel and Brockwell made 379 for the first Surrey wicket. All these performances were put in the shade by Brown and Tunncliffe scoring 554 against Derby at Chesterfield, in August, 1898. Brown, after hitting up 300, deliberately knocked his wicket down.

£2,465 from a Benefit Match.

It was curious that, in spite of the many big scores he made, Brown never made 2,000 runs in one season. Until this season his benefit, £2,465, in 1901, stood as a record, but the amount realised for Hirst during the past summer exceeded that sum by more than £1,000.

Brown's great stroke was one crispest of cuts. He also had a good leg-stroke, and was a brilliant point. Rather under than over the average height, he had the typically sturdy build of the Yorkshireman.

Brown met with many successes in Test matches, and went to Australia with Stoddart's team on the last occasion prior to the victory of Warner's eleven, in which England was successful in winning the rubber. In the great majority of that tour it was Brown who won the game for England by scoring 140.

Performances in First-class Cricket.

His performances in first-class cricket are given below:—

	Runs.	Innings.	Total Times.
1889	10	120	1
1890	33	43	4
1891	9	135	3
1892	40	889	2
1893	51	1,307	5
1894-5	21	825	2
1895	58	1,296	4
1896	1	273	1
1897	48	1,809	5
1898	49	1,054	9
1899	35	1,443	1
1900	53	1,680	3
1901	60	1,135	5
1902	46	1,017	2
1903	47	1,394	1

In the days before he became a regular member of the Yorkshire eleven Brown was by no means sure of ever achieving a fixed place on that very powerful batting side. Brown answered all invitations to qualify for another county with a short and decided "I'll play for Yorkshire, or I'll play for no one."

A portrait of Brown appears on page 1.

VOICE FROM THE WATER.

Disconsolate Widow's Pathetic Farewell
to Her Sister.

A pathetic story of a widow named Mrs. Frances Shipton, of Fulton-square, London, whose body was found in the Thames at Windsor, was told at the inquest on Saturday.

According to her sister Mrs. Shipton had often said that she could hear her husband's voice in the water.

On Wednesday last Mrs. Shipton went down to Windsor, and, sitting on the banks of the river, wrote the following note:—

My Dear Sister,—I have no doubt that when you receive this I shall be with my dear husband. I have heard his dear voice in my ears for some time, and I cannot bear it longer without responding. I hope God and all will forgive me, as I think it is best.

Her body was found in the water later. Suicide during temporary insanity was the verdict.

NEW BEAUTY TREATMENT.

Mr. Paul Taylor, the Southwark magistrate, on Saturday paid an unusual tribute to the effects of imprisonment.

"You look quite different," he said to a woman who had been under remand for several days. "The enforced abstinence from intoxicating liquor for four days has made you appear 50 per cent. better. I am surprised to see you looking so well, and should have hardly thought it possible. When you go home look in the glass, and you will be surprised to see the great improvement in your appearance."

WONDERFUL RUNNER.

Kaffirs Firm.
Kaffirs were steady to firm, but the nearness of Settlement hampers business. Monday is the preliminary day in the mining market. West African cruises were liked, and this gave a better tone to the market to-day. But Westralians were rather dull. *Risers*.—Oct. 76, 18; Rhodesia Explor. 4, to 5½; De Beers del. 183; East Rand ½, to 8½. *Fall*.—Modderfontein U. 10½; Golden Horseshoe 4, to 7½; Great Boulder Prop. 6d., to 20s. 6d.; Lake View ½, to 1½ d.; O. 1, to 3d.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1904.

STRONG-HEART OR FEEBLE-HEART?

THE man or woman who lacks ambition is never likely to do much good in the world. It need not be an ambition to grow rich or famous. It may be merely such an ambition as that of the man who sang:—

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
 The best of all cobblers to be;
 Throughout the whole country no cobbler beside
 Should patch up old leather like me.

That kind of ambition is indispensable to success in any walk of life.

Furthermore, it is a natural and healthy feeling to look forward to playing a great part in the drama of life, if the chance ever offers. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has just said that "he had no ambition to lead the Liberal Party." That explains why Sir Henry has been such a dire failure.

What applies to men and women in this respect applies also to nations. If all individual ambitions were to die out in any country, that country would stagnate. If nations ceased to have ambitions, the world would stagnate. Stagnation kills progress, kills the interest of life. We should lose all our finer qualities of heart and mind. We should soon come to care about nothing but being comfortable and having plenty to eat.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on Saturday urged that the sum spent on our Army ought to be reduced. There we agree with him. But we do not agree at all with the way in which he tried to convince his audience that reduction would be desirable. He held up before them the prospect that, if economies were effected, "every man could spend a pound more in the year than he does on clothes and on food."

What an argument! As if clothes and food were the only things worth thinking about! This was not the spirit of the people of these islands when they built up the British Empire and made the name of Britain honoured, aye, and feared, in every corner of the globe.

It is just such arguments that have been urged in the United States against the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt as President to-morrow. "Let us, as a nation, lead a quiet life," say his opponents. "Why should we trouble ourselves with the White Man's Burden? Let us leave the Philippines to look after themselves."

It is the old cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If the Anglo-Saxon race should ever adopt that watchword of the Feeblehearts, it will be a bad day for the world.

"MOVING" AS A PROFESSION

New professions for women are discovered every morning. Nowadays women do nearly everything that men do, and plenty of other things besides. The very latest occupation for a woman is suggested by an advertisement recommending a "very capable, bright, energetic lady," who is willing to undertake all the trouble of "packing, removing, and settling in a new house."

A "move" is about the worst of all human ills. For days you do not know what it is to feel clean. For days you do not get one decent meal. You quarrel violently with your family as to whose room shall be dismantled last and put straight first. You suffer untold miseries under the impression that the only razor you can shave with has been lost. Your wife declares that all her dresses will be spoiled, all her silver-backed brushes stolen. Who has not suffered these agonies of the householder's career?

Now, if you can afford it, you leave a "bright, capable, energetic lady" in charge of your "move." You disappear somewhere and forget all about it. When you return, the energetic lady has weathered the storms for you, and you walk into a settled house. It is well worth paying for.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is dangerous to appear to be rich or brave or strong, if we are not so indeed, for this opinion of us may procure us employments that are above our capacity; and if we fail to effect what was expected of us there is no remission for our faults.
 —Socrates.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse, whose remarriage is announced, is at the present time engaged in a form of amusement for which he has little taste; he is shooting over the preserves near Wolfsgarten. The strange thing is that, though he takes so little interest in shooting, he is a magnificent shot. Perhaps it is this lack of interest which makes him so imperturbable and cool, but whatever it may be, he is practically never known to miss.

His two greatest interests are music and embroidery, and though he is both a brilliant pianist and a passable composer, he is a far better hand with his needle. Often when he has an important

piece of needlework on hand he will breakfast in bed and remain there at work on his beloved embroidery. His former wife was an exceedingly keen sportsman, and their only common taste was for music.

Lady Betty Balfour ought to be a useful collaborator to the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, author of "Warp and Woof," with whom she is now writing a play. Her father, the late Lord Lytton, was a poet, and her father, the dramatist, wrote many famous plays, including "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons." She is a bright, entertaining talker—much more so than her husband, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Prime Minister's brother. When she and her nephew, Lord Lytton,

and the Hon. Neville Lytton are together, they form a very merry group.

Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, one of the King's oldest friends, who was seventy-two on Saturday, has perhaps the most romantic anecdote of any of our noble houses, if Devonshire tradition is to be trusted. An ancestor of his was buried while in a trance, and, by the most providential chance, some of her richest jewels were buried with her in the coffin. During the night a servant entered the vault and prised open the coffin to strip the dead fingers of their jewels, and, to his dismay, the dead rose up, and the robber fled away shrieking and insane. Four years later the rescued lady bore a son, from whom the present Earl descends.

Miss Annie Hughes, who has missed the chance of appearing in "A Man's Shadow," before the royal party at Windsor next week, owing to another engagement, does not confine herself to acting, for she is the author of a dramatic version of "Lorna Doone," which was recently produced at the Avenue Theatre. Her husband, Mr. Edmond Maurice, the actor, has also ventured upon the thorny path of actor-playwright, but the result was so unpleasant that he has not repeated the attempt. The play had many new features. To begin with, the hero was a hunchbacked idiot, and the scene was laid in an obscure hamlet.

In the third act he was stabbed in the hump by the villain, but, instead of killing him, the blow reformed a sort of small miracle, for the crooked back straightened out, and the hero, in the last act he died a glorious death in a burning house. Mr. Maurice played the part himself, but something went wrong with the mechanism of the burning house, and the hero's death was so realistic that he spent three weeks in a hospital. He has not written himself another play.

Mrs. Maurice has two great loves, cycling and dogs. She is so fond of the first that she does not like motoring because it makes the roads unpleasant for the cyclists. Her keenness for the second she shows by being an energetic member of the Ladies' Kennel Club, and the proud possessor of several really good dogs, among them being "Black Hen," a famous smooth-coated retriever, and "Jay Gould," a Japanese spaniel, so called because he is more than worth his weight in gold.

General André, the War Minister, who was so severely assaulted during a debate in the Chamber, is one of the most interesting of the idle officer, he is one of the strongest men in the French Army. In appearance rather lends himself to caricature, especially in France, for he is very tall, very spare, very willow, and very serious—the very opposite of what the typical Frenchman should be.

Though he is a very poor horseman, and looks quite his worst in the saddle, he is tireless in his visits of inspection. No detail escapes him, and he has done much to increase the comfort of the French soldier. He has personally visited every garrison on the frontier and coasts of France, and also in Algeria, Tunis, and Corsica, and everywhere his visits have been followed by radical reforms.

Mr. Owen Hall, known in private life as Mr. Jimmy Davies, the author of "Sergeant Brue" and half the musical comedies which have won fame, seems to be having a keen dispute on the subject of the removal of "Sergeant Brue" from the Prince of Wales's Theatre. He ought to be able to keep his end up, for before he took to playwriting he was a solicitor. In those days he had political aspirations, and even stood for Parliament. As he only polled nine votes, however, he has not tried again.

Naturally he is a great believer in musical comedy, and thinks its future is unlimited. Only a few months ago he suggested how a comedy version of "Hamlet" should be arranged, and pictured the success of Hamlet's soliloquy, "sung by any artistic comedian." The Second Mrs. Tangany, would, with some necessary modification, be improved, he said, by the same treatment. Of course, there would be no suicide, and the play would end with a supper at the Savoy and an invitation from Mr. Tangany to all Paula's friends to the houseboat at Maidenhead.

The raising and sale for £1,000 of the bulk of the United States battleship Maine, the destruction of which, in Havana Harbour, was responsible for the outbreak of war between the United States and Spain, reminds me of a piece of evidence which was given before the Board of Inquiry. Captain Sigbee, who was in command of the Maine, tells the story to illustrate what sometimes takes place at these inquiries.

An old man-of-war's man was solemnly sworn, and was then cautioned by Captain Sampson (now Admiral, of Santiago) not to indulge in any hearsay statements, but to confine himself absolutely to what he saw and knew. After these impressive preliminaries Captain Sampson said, "Now tell us what you know about the explosion of the Maine." Jack shifted his quid from the left cheek to the right, hitched up his trousers and said, "I was a-corking it off in me 'ammick and 'eard a noise, and waked up in the 'ospital. That's all I know about it, sir."

A PLEASANT PROSPECT!



"The London County Council is contemplating a great extension of the animal collections which have already proved such a success in some of the London parks."

WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Gathered from Many Lands.

"The cause of Mr. Balfour's illness: The Russians have been pulling his leg."—"Globe."

"Do fishes grow fast, Jimmie?"

"Some of 'em do. Father caught one here last year that grows three inches every time he tells about it."—"Judge" (American).

"Did you tell your father I was a poet, darling?"

"I was afraid to, dearest. He has read your books."—"Gil Blas" (French).

School Teacher (showing off her best boy before visitors): Now, Perkins, can you name some of the important by-products of the steel industry? Perkins: Yes'm; Carnegie libraries.—"Puck" (American).

Wearly Willie: I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamt I was down below and had nothing but flames to eat.

Tired Tim: I dreamt worse than that. I was on earth and had nothing but water to drink.—"Sourire" (French).

Police Magistrate: How did you manage to extract the man's watch from his pocket when it was provided with a safety-catch?

Pickpocket: Excuse me, your honour, but that is a professional secret. I cannot teach it to you under ten dollars.—"Kladderadatsch" (German).

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.

HE has done several big things in the course of his career, but none bigger than a year ago he bought the "Newcastle Leader," and at about the same time acquired the principal share in the "St. James's Gazette." Now he owns papers in Birmingham, Newcastle, and Leicester.

The son of a country parson, he won a competition instituted by Sir George Newnes, after an amount of hard work, which showed the stuff he was made of, and was taken on to the staff of "The Express."

Next he turned his attention to the provinces and purchased several papers. Little more than a year ago he bought the "Newcastle Leader," and at about the same time acquired the principal share in the "St. James's Gazette." Now he owns papers in Birmingham, Newcastle, and Leicester.

The son of a country parson, he won a competition instituted by Sir George Newnes, after an amount of hard work, which showed the stuff he was made of, and was taken on to the staff of "The Express."

In appearance he is rather like Kipling, only taller. There is the same roundish face, the same large glasses, the same moustache. An unusually dark complexion and unconquerable smile complete the picture.

His greatest love is his work, and next to that comes motoring and riding. He has plenty of money with which to buy good cars, and knows enough of a horse to keep a good stable.

He is also very fond of tennis, the real variety, and has more than once been known to appear in the office in flannels and tennis shoes.

THE KING AND HIS SHOOTING PETS.



The King's favourite clumber, which is accompanying his Majesty just now on his shooting expeditions. The King is enjoying a few days' sport at Sandringham, and on Saturday, accompanied by Prince George of Greece, shot over Crane Hill Wood, at the invitation of Sir Edward Green.



A recent photograph of his Majesty in shooting costume. (Lafayette.)

HIS MAJESTY'S RETRIEVERS.



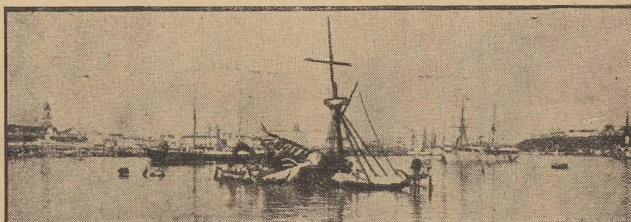
Two of the King's retrievers which always accompany his Majesty when he goes shooting.

STRONGER THAN A MOTOR-CAR.



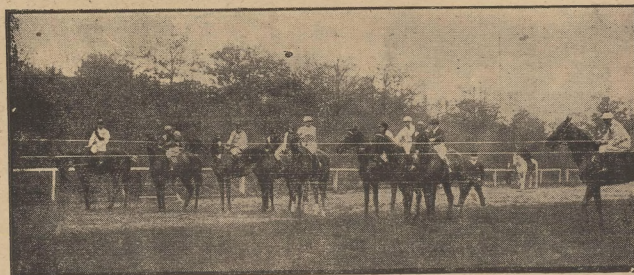
Herr Georg Lettl, the powerful weight-lifter, holding back two 8½-h.p. motor-cars going at a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour. He appears at the Hippodrome to-day for the first time.

EXHIBITING THE MAINE.



The wrecked United States warship, Maine, lying in the harbour at Cuba. The hulk has just been sold for £1,000, for exhibition in various ports.

RACING AT LINGFIELD.



The horses at the starting line for the London and Brighton Handicap at Lingfield.

WORLD'S RECORD BEATEN.



A. Shrubbs, who, at the West of Scotland Harriers' sports on Saturday, beat the world's record by running 11 miles 1,137 yards in the hour.—(See page 6.)

LUNCHEON AT THE "POP."



The crowd waiting for Messrs. Lyons' new "Popular" Café, in Piccadilly, to open for luncheon yesterday afternoon.

SATUR



The Woolwich Arsenal



The game between Woolwich



Corinthian



The Everton team, v

DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.



which played Sunderland, at Plumstead, in an exciting but goalless match on Saturday.



h Arsenal and Sunderland on Saturday afternoon. Woolwich following up a good pass.



ston Villa, at Leyton. "George, the "Villa" goalkeeper, punts out.



feated Notts Forest by five goals to one on Saturday afternoon.—(Eastman.)

£50 IN 20 MINUTES.



Miss Moxon Browne, who has just earned £50 in twenty minutes by writing an essay on a railway journey from London to Cornwall.

PLAYED ON PAGANINI'S VIOLIN.



Bronislaw Hubermann, the wonderful young violinist, who gives a recital at St. James's Hall this afternoon. He has enjoyed the distinguished honour of having once played on Paganini's famous violin.

70 YEARS IN SERVICE.

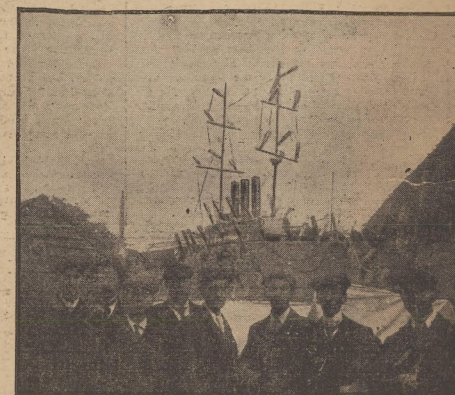


Miss Elizabeth Pulley, who has just completed her seventieth year of employment in the family of General W. Carnell, of Streatham. In 1834 she entered his mother's service, and has remained in the service of the family ever since.

CELEBRATING GUNPOWDER PLOT DAY ON SATURDAY.



Two of the guys which formed the chief features of the Gunpowder Plot anniversary celebrations at Lewes on Saturday.



Another feature of the Lewes Guy Fawkes' Day celebrations—a Russian battleship, built of inflammable material and fireworks.

A CHELSEA GUY.



Chelsea's guy. An effigy of Admiral Rojestvensky being carted through the streets of Chelsea on Saturday afternoon.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Brasser Ceases To Laugh.

Brasser had told Lady Chetnole that his life had been free from complications. He had not deliberately lied. He had forgotten all about Jane Brown. If he had remembered her, he would have referred to the "incident"; it was too slight, too unimportant. A village beauty had tripped across his path for a few months some twenty-five years before; that was all. Yet Jane Brown had been more than an incident. It was she who had unwittingly turned his face towards London. He had shaken the dust of the village from off his feet that he might rid himself of her. Had it not been for Jane Brown it is possible that Brasser might have enjoyed the life of a successful gardener, and have felt himself rich on thirty shillings a week.

On the night that he left the village he deposited a small parcel on her window-sill. It contained a brief note of farewell, and a few pounds in silver, half his savings. In thus sharing his fortune he believed that he was behaving with magnificent generosity. It is true that Jane Brown had given up her heart to him; had hopelessly compromised herself for him; but five pounds—why, it was wealth. The young man patted himself on the back for those months for his splendid prodigality; then he forgot it and her.

In all the intervening years he had not heard from Jane Brown—until to-day. He was something of an artist, something of a fatalist. His sense of the fitness of things was greatly disturbed by her appearance in the self-same day in which arrived the note which practically set the seal on his highest hopes. It vexed him that recollection of his lowly origin was thrust upon him in the hour in which came the hope to mate with Gertrude Gascoyne.

Seldom did his thoughts stray from what was in front of him. As he listened, however, to the pedantic and roundabout phrases of his new legal adviser he found himself thinking always of the woman waiting in the ante-room. What could she possibly want of him? It must be money—and yet that was hardly likely. She must have known for years of his great prosperity; yet she had never stretched a hand out towards his purse, which, to do him justice, would always have been open to her.

Notwithstanding his preoccupation, he had a humorous perception of himself as the solicitor dived on him. He himself making the first step towards profound respectability and heavy conventionality by his employment of what he was pleased to call this trusted, coveyby old firm. For the first time in his life, he was deeply concerned about the way in which he did things; hitherto he had only wished to do them, and care no thought to the manner of doing them. When he would go to Sir Alanson Gascoyne and ask for the hand of the latter's sister, he wished to set out his intentions precisely as a county gentleman of old family would set them out. He had, in fact, sent for Mr. Ogleby Whalley simply that the latter might become his unconscious instructor in etiquette.

"We sum up," he said at last, when details had been settled. "It is understood that your people become my family solicitors. You are to find me an estate, you are to submit a draft of a trust deed on the lines laid down. You advise me that five thousand a year is the proper sum."

Then he bowed Mr. Whalley out, and congratulated himself that he had absorbed enough knowledge to be able to make precisely the correct proposals for the hand of Gertrude Gascoyne.

He became suddenly grave as he remembered who was waiting for him. He summoned a clerk, who reeled off a list of people who wished to see him. Among them were important men; men who did not expect to be kept waiting. Brasser, however, sent for Jane Brown.

He had a picture in his mind of a brown-haired, red-cheeked, soft-eyed country girl. He knew that years had passed—but still, that was the image which occupied his mind when the door opened.

A meagre, middle-aged, wrinkled woman, dressed in black, entered the room. She was embarrassed at the first tribute of the lady's maid to the great financier; and she bowed the respectful bow of the trained domestic.

"Is it really you, Jane?" he asked incredulously. "Yes, Mr. Brasser."

"I am glad to see you, Jane. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir. I have not come for that."

Brasser thought he could detect a hint of menace in that quiet, subdued voice, yet he could not tell how she knew this. The utterance was almost without inflection, without hint of emotion; the unmistakable utterance of one who had been trained through years to speak to a mistress as an automaton would speak.

"Well, let me hear what you have come for, Jane," he said.

"You discharged one of your clerks a few weeks ago, Mr. Brasser."

"They come and go," he answered surprised, "without my knowing much about it; but this one—yes, I miss him. By Jove, I never thought, Jane—his name was Brown, was it? Could he have been any connection of yours?"

"Yes," was the quite answer, "it was through me that he came here."

"Through you?"

"Yes, sir. I wished him to be in your office. God forgive me. He was very intelligent. I thought he would have a grand chance. I am Lady Chetnole's maid, Mr. Brasser."

"Oh," he cried, with a new interest, and with some alarm. He felt certain now that this woman was antagonistic. That almost feminine intuition which had helped him so wonderfully in his career told him that he sat in the presence of an enemy. Jane Brown suddenly assumed a great importance in his eyes. As the maid of Lady Chetnole, she was very close to the throne on which his divinity sat.

"I remember," he continued. "I believe he was recommended to me by Lord Chetnole, or some one of his friends. He was with me, let me see, nearly five years. He was by far the most brilliant employee I ever had. He was a genius. Why didn't you let me know, Jane? I would have taken him on your recommendation. I would have done even more for him than I did."

"You say he was brilliant," continued Jane Brown in her even voice; "you say he was a genius. Did you treat him as a genius?"

"I was very kind to him, Jane. I was patient. I don't want to wound your feelings; but you know very well—you must have known, if you saw much of him—that for a couple of years his habits have been very irregular."

"He did it for a long time," she answered, drawing a sharp breath, "I did not suspect it. I did not know the whole truth until lately; now I have learned many things. Do you remember a clerk that you discharged about four years ago—a young man named Gallon?"

"Yes, I remember Gallon," answered Brasser, with increasing apprehension. What could she be leading up to?

"Gallon," he continued, "was a chap of remarkable ability. I had to let him go through ill-health. He broke down."

"Yes, you discharged him."

"Of course, what else could I do? If I remember aright, I heard of him afterwards—in some consumptive hospital, I think. I believe I did something for him."

"You sent him a £10 note," answered Jane Brown, "it was enough to bury him."

"I have many calls on me," answered Brasser, shrugging his shoulders, "but he could have had more, I daresay, if he had asked for it. I always pay my clerks the market price; and I've helped some of them a bit after they have left me."

"Yes, I daresay you think you have been generous, Mr. Brasser—with Horace Melville, for instance."

"Brown seems to have made you pretty familiar with my affairs," said Brasser impatiently. "Yes, Melville took Gallon's place in the office. He went off his head, poor devil."

"Yes, he is in a pauper lunatic asylum at this moment."

"He is comfortable there," answered Brasser. "I sent him a chief clerk once or twice to inquire after him."

"Yes, you did. Then after Melville came a Mr. Still—and what of him?"

"He made a mistake in some calculations, and cost me some thousands. I discharged him, of course. His carelessness was gross, inexcusable."

"You refused him a recommendation, and he is selling penny toys on Ludgate-hill to-day."

"I regret to hear it," answered Brasser. "Poor beggar; and so he's gone to pieces."

"Worn out in your service. And then came James Brown. Four young men in succession—young, ambitious, brilliant—all broken or dead."

Her still eyes flashed a stern accusation.

"You are quoting him—James Brown," cried Brasser, more and more alarmed. "These are the unkind words of one who blames another for his own misfortunes."

"Yes," she answered, "I speak his very words. I am not likely ever to forget them. 'Four of us,' he said, 'in succession. Without us, or someone like us, he would have been helpless. He has no capacity for detail; he cannot handle a mass of figures. All he can do is to control men. They open their pockets to him, and he makes money for them and for himself, as we show him how to do it.'"

Brasser was very patient under what he considered a preposterous attack. Having resolved to placate this woman he allowed nothing to change his attitude.

"The four you name," he said, "were an able lot. Brown was far and away the best of them, but they were only successful when properly led. I have organising talent, executive ability. I direct the energies of many people towards a common centre. I bring it all to bear on one object. Men of genius in details are usually as helpless as sheep without a shepherd. These bitter attacks of a disappointed young man, who failed through his own excesses, cannot touch me."

"You drove him to his excesses," she retorted. "You say you paid the market price. He worked night and day to make your fortune. If he made a thousand pounds for you, you took nine hundred and ninety-nine, and flung the odd one at him. That was the price of his life blood, the reward for a man whose system was ruined, a man exhausted for you. It was so with the rest. You—"

He attempted to interrupt her, but the quaint,

prim lady's-maid who was so dispassionately and so respectfully bringing this indictment against him simply raised her hand; and he was silent.

"You have built up your fortunes, Mr. Brasser," continued the inexorable woman, "on the lives of men. Your path is strewn with the wrecks which you have made. You are fifty years old. You look thirty-five. You are always laughing. You boast that you have learned the secret of life; that is, you say, to leave all details and worries to others. You admit it. He has heard you say it. Galley-slaves, bearing your burdens, have stumbled through life—while you have enjoyed the rewards." Your victims condemn you now from the madhouse, from the gutter, from the grave. The last slave of your shameful system, his constitution ruined, took to drink—and then the day you discharged him. He came home with a broken heart. He caught pneumonia. You see—I am in mourning."

"Indeed, I'm very sorry," cried Brasser. "Very sorry indeed. I regret, Jane, that you should think that I am to blame. Every man is responsible for himself. He has his own life to make or mar as he may choose."

She shook her head mournfully.

"It is not so," she responded in a solemn voice. "I did my best," he whispered when he was dying, "and I am a failure. I was born, like almost everybody else with brains, to make the fortune of some man with an ostrich's stomach, and a rhinoceros's hide. Such men, without hearts or consciences, ride roughshod over us, and we do not know how to struggle against them. All the world slaves for a few such tyrants. Brasser has killed me, as he did the rest."

"And that's what I get for my patience with him," cried the outraged financier, much annoyed at such a scandalous insinuation from a deathbed. "My conscience does not reproach me, Jane. If you knew more about business, about the world, you would understand that the poor fellow's charges are fantastic. It is characteristic of weak men to blame others for their failures."

"And of strong men," she responded, "to feed on the lives of others. I have no feeling against you, Mr. Brasser, for your treatment of me. I have long ago put that aside. But for your treatment of him—that is different. It is not right that he should have gone to his grave like this, and that you should go on riding roughshod over all the world, gaining everything you want, bending everybody to your will, securing more victims. I have brought you a note from Lady Chetnole, Mr. Brasser."

The astonished man seized the mauve envelope which she drew from her rusty bag.

"I regret to say," wrote Lady Chetnole, "that my hasty note of last evening was premature. I find that Miss Gascoyne has another engagement for this evening. She talks of returning immediately to her home in the country. I am not, therefore, able to fix any date in the future for a meeting which will include her. We have some people coming on Sunday night at eight, if you should not be away for the week-end, Lord Chetnole and I hope that you will make one of our party."

Brasser read this note over twice before he could grasp its meaning. Then, as he looked at the prim insignificant figure which silently confronted him, he laughed; though he had never before in all his life been so angry, he laughed. It was ludicrous that this lady's maid should have been able to thwart the great Brasser in the darling object of his life.

"You have told Lady Chetnole, then?"

"I thought it my duty," she answered, quite quietly. "Just as you have told me?"

"Yes, Mr. Brasser."

"You are vindictive—you have taken a shameful revenge."

"It was not revenge—it was my duty."

Brasser felt himself in the presence of a new force, of an opposition which he did not understand, did not know how to meet.

"How long have you been in Lady Chetnole's service?" he asked at last.

"Twenty years. I was her nurse when she was a little girl."

"And after all these years you confessed to this forgotten mistake of your young womanhood?"

"I did. I leave Lady Chetnole's service to-day."

"So you've blackened yourself, sacrificed your position, given up the certainty of a comfortable old age, to get even with the man whom you have never seen for twenty-five years. You must be mad, Jane. You will find that you have done it all to no purpose. When Lady Chetnole hears the truth from me, all will be as though you had never spoken—except that you will have lost your situation."

"It may be so, sir," was her quiet answer. "That is for her and Miss Gascoyne to decide. I have warned her."

"Warned her?" he repeated angrily, making no effort now to control himself.

He broke into violent reproaches. She did not quail before his abusive words.

"You do not understand me," she said when he paused. "Perhaps I ought to have told you in the first place. I did not intend to tell you at all. I believed you would see for yourself, James Brown was—was my son."

"I should have been told when he came here," he cried. "I am sorry for you, Jane—but even that does not excuse his wild charges—your revenge."

"Oh," cried the woman in a strangled voice, tears won for the first time coming into her eyes, "don't you understand? He was my son, Mr. Brasser—and yours, too—and you killed him."

The financier was at last confronted by facts at which he could not laugh.

(To be continued.)

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THE CHRISTMAS LARDER—MAKE YOUR MINCEMEAT NOW.

YULE-TIDE CHEER.

IMPROVED BY BEING KEPT SOME TIME.

MINCEMEAT.

The housewife who makes her mincemeat now and her next year's plum-pudding is carrying on the traditions of her ancestors, who always began November by connecting the mincemeat, and never insulted a family's digestion by giving it anything less mature than a pudding aged twelve months.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound chopped apples (weighed after they are peeled and cored), one pound raisins (stoned after weighing), one pound currants, one pound candied peel (finely shredded), one pound white sugar, quarter of a pint brandy, three stale sponge-cakes (finely crumbled), two ounces blanched almonds (finely chopped), two grated nutmegs, a little cinnamon and mace, one small saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, four lemons.

Peel the lemons and boil the skins until tender. Squeeze and strain the juice. Pass the lemon skins and apples through a mincing machine. Add the dry ingredients, the lemon juice, and brandy. Mix thoroughly and tie down in jars until the mincemeat is required for use.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half pounds finely-grated bread-crumbs (for this the inside of a stale loaf should be used), one pound finely minced beef

the top, and tie the moulds up in pudding cloths wrung out of boiling water. Boil for six hours.

When cold these puddings may be hung up and kept. When required for use steam them until thoroughly hot through, turn them out and serve them with sifted sugar over the top, and blazing brandy. (Light and wholesome. Note that no

roll it into a square about half-an-inch thick. Squeeze the rest of the butter into a ball, taking care to press out any water it may contain; place the ball in the centre of the paste; flour it all lightly, and fold the paste into four over the butter. Roll it out; flour it, and fold it as before. Repeat the process a third time, when the paste

The winter dance season is approaching, and Messrs. Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly-circus, who are so deservedly famous for their evening gowns, are, as usual, well equipped with beautiful models. On the right is sketched the Vera, a completely charming toilette that costs only three guineas. It is made of black or white point d'esprit not mounted upon a good glace silk foundation, or in Japanese silk, either white, black, or of any colour. The fussy ruchings and flounces that trim it are finished with baby velvet ribbon, and the model is a most eminently becoming one. For the sum of 10s. 6d. extra it can be made to measure.



The hat depicted here is a chestnut-brown fine felt one, trimmed with a narrow edging of sable and a large shaded brown ostrich feather rising from an ornamental gilt stem.



suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one pound sugar, one pound currants, one pound raisins (stoned after they are weighed), half a pound candied-peel (finely shredded), one nutmeg (grated), one ounce mixed spice, one saltspoonful of cinnamon, the grated rind of two lemons, quarter of a pint brandy, eight eggs.

Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly together in a deep bowl. Beat up the eggs until they are a stiff froth and pour the result into the basin, stirring all the time. Lastly add the brandy. When all is well mixed pour it into buttered pudding moulds, lay a buttered sheet of paper over

flour is used. To make three puddings, each sufficient for eight persons.)

PASTE FOR MINCE-PIES.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound fine flour, one pound good butter, one ounce sifted sugar, a pinch of salt (unless the butter is salt enough).

Rub the salt, sugar, and one ounce of butter into the flour. Mix it to a stiff paste with a little cold water. Turn it out on to a slightly floured board or marble slab, press it gently together, and

should be set aside for two hours. Roll it out for the last time, and cut it into the desired shapes. Fill it with mincemeat, cover it with paste, ornament it round the edges, brush it over with white of egg, and bake in a hot oven. The paste should rise in very light flakes.

GINGER PLANT.

The ginger plant is a welcome addition to the list of winter foliage plants, not only for its attractive appearance but for its pleasant aromatic odour. The leaves are lighter in texture and colour than the india-rubber plant, graceful in form, and it handled emit a delightful fragrance. The plant does not grow high, being of the bush order, and is not hard to rear.

DISCOVERIES.

FLAT-IRONS IN BAGS.

If there is not sufficient cupboard room in the kitchen to set aside a special corner for flat-irons when they are not in use, they should be kept in stout brown paper bags, to protect them from the steam of daily cooking and dust.

SCORCH MARKS REMOVED.

To remove scorch marks an experienced housewife recommends the following method:—Bake an onion, then squeeze out the juice and mix it with an ounce of Fuller's Earth, a wineglassful of vinegar and a small quantity of shredded soap. Heat these ingredients together till the soap has melted, leave it till cold, and then apply the result to the scorched linen. Let it dry on and then wash it in the usual way.

LEMON MARMALADE.

Lemon marmalade is liked as a change from the customary list of preserves, and a good way to prepare it is as follows:—Slice twelve good lemons and remove the pips; lay the sliced fruit for twelve hours, or till the next morning, in six or seven quarts of water, and boil this all gently together for two hours, and again let it stand till the next day. Then weigh it, add an equal weight of sugar for each pound of pulp, and boil all together till it

is clear and beginning to set, when it should be put into pots and tied down at once while it is hot.

WARDROBE FOR A FLAT.

A convenient piece of furniture for an apartment where space is at a premium is a wardrobe made on a good old-fashioned pattern with one of the doors fitted on the inner side with a small mirror, underneath which are a couple of shelves for toilet articles. A brass ledge at the bottom of the door, with rests above, affords accommodation for umbrellas or sticks.

STAINED LINEN.

If linen is badly stained with fruit, tea, or coffee, put plenty of water into a boiler or other vessel, and when it boils hard drop in the stained linen. Stir it frequently, and after a few minutes' rapid boiling the stain will disappear and the water be coloured.

LACE TINTED.

A desirable tinge of yellow is imparted to lace by the use of a little ground mustard added to the rinsing water or, for lace curtains, added to the starch. The quantity required is just sufficient to impart a deep yellow tinge to the water and to the lace when wet, as the tone becomes lighter when the lace dries.

FRESH AND SWEET.

To keep the sink fresh and clean throw a little washing soda into it after any washing-up has been done. This will prevent any clogging of the pipes.

Needlewomen who suffer from damp hands will find it an excellent plan to rub the palms of the hands occasionally with a solution of borax in a little alcohol. When sewing keep a sponge saturated with the solution at hand, and occasionally squeeze it in the palms of the hands, allowing the moisture to dry without wiping them.

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